THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE.

FIRST NIGHT OF THE NEW OPERA.

The Fifth Avenue Theatre was crowded last night, and laughter rang there loud and long. The splendid audience assembled to see "The Pirates of Penzance" witnessed a most brilliant and complete success.

The first question about the new operetta by Messrs. Sullivan and Gilbert will be how it compares with "Pinafore." Of course every work ought to stand or fall on its own merits, but comparison in this case is unavoidable. It can hardly be doubted that any play, presented as a successor to the clever piece which had such an extraordinary popularity last season must be seen at a disadvantage. *Sir Joseph Porter, Dick Deadeye, Cousin Hebe, Captain Corcoran, Little Buttercup,* the *Midshipman,* the *Boatswain,* are too firmly established in the public affection to be easily dislodged, and if the new set of characters were really better than the old we should still regret the familiar favorites; we should miss the jokes at which we have laughed so many, many times, and feel that nothing could be so funny as "No, never," or "His sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts," or "He is an Englishman." Somebody asked an old manager whether "The Pirates of Penzance" promised to run as well as "Pinafore." The veteran sadly shook his head and replied, "We shall *never* have another 'Pinafore.'" His melancholy prediction was rash; but in the nature of things a phenomenal success like that of last year cannot be immediately repeated by another work of the same class. If Jefferson should play a new part nobody would find it as good as *Rip Van Winkle,* though it were ever so much better.

We may touch lightly upon a few points of difference between the two operettas which seem to provoke legitimate comparison. The fun of "Pinafore" was so clear and simple, both in the text and the music, that it forced itself at once upon the most careless listener. The humor of the "Pirates" is richer, but more recondite. It demands a closer attention to the words than the ordinary playgoer will always give; perhaps it requires a more distinct enunciation than singers usually think it worth while to cultivate. On the other hand, there are great stores of wit and drollery in the dialogue and the songs which will well repay exploration, so that the opera ought to gain greatly upon the favor of the public after two or three representations. The music is fresh, bright, elegant and merry, and much of it belongs to a higher order of art than the most popular of the tunes of "Pinafore." There are little gems of melody; and there are duos and concerted numbers of the most delicate device and the most careful construction of which Mr. Sullivan has a good right to be proud. Whether the principal airs are destined to be strummed in all our parlors and whistled in all our streets, remains to be seen. They will last longer if they escape such flattering hard usage. Add to the sparkling text, the excellent music, the droll situations and an unusual abundance of laughable "business," the further charm of a series of stage-pictures in which beautiful scenery and the glow of light and color are deftly used to heighten the effect of very pretty groups, and we have a catalogue of attractions to which the public cannot remain insensible.

The play opens in the Pirates' Lair on the Cornish Coast, a rocky recess with caves on either hand, and in the distant background a view of the sea with the Pirates' cutter at anchor. Here *Ruth,* in a capital song, tells the story of the blunder by which she apprenticed *Frederic* to a Pirate instead of a Pilot, and some amusing dialogue and music, between the apprentice *Frederic* and his pirate companions, with a part for *Ruth* ingeniously interwoven, introduces the main-spring of the action. *Frederic* is about to complete the apprenticeship to which he was bound by mistake, and to leave the band forever. He has been faithful to his indentures through a sense of duty; from a sense of duty he will now devote the rest of his life to the destruction of pirates. Voices are heard in the distance. "Can it be Custom House?" No, it does not sound like Custom House. The pirates retire and watch. The twenty-five beautiful daughters of *Major-General Stanley* come tripping over the sand and clambering over the rocks, all clad in the most bewitching of costumes, and smiling under the quaintest of hats. After a pretty bit of chorus, they propose to take off their shoes and stockings and paddle in the water. This is too much for *Frederic's* sense of duty. He surprises them with one shoe off, and remarks that he is bound to let them know that they are not unobserved. How it comes about that when they have hopped a little, and screamed a little, and sung a little, they are made acquainted with the young man's singular story, we confess that we do not know; but it is all according to operatic precedent, and it is operatically regular also that the prettiest of the daughters, *Mabel,* should straightway be in love with *Frederic,* and that they twain should become exceedingly tender and tuneful. What were the twenty-four other girls to do in such embarrassing circumstances? They would not leave their sister alone with a stranger; they determined to sit on the sand and talk about the weather. This is a very droll scene, the twenty-four girls, seated in groups at the foot of the rocks, having a rattling, chattering chorus, of weather observations, while *Mabel* and *Frederic,* arm in arm, exhale their souls in a delicate duet. Whenever the lovers pass near, the chattering ceases and the girls lean forward to listen, suddenly resuming their talk about the weather as soon as *Mabel* turns. Seized by the Pirates, the whole bevy are about to be dragged away and married out of hand, when *Major-General Stanley,* in full uniform, equipped "with many cheerful facts about the square of the hypothenuse," appears at the summit of the rocks, and descends with the remark that "Oh, yes, it is a glorious thing to be a major-general." The catalogue of his accomplishments, which he rehearses in a galloping "patter song," embraces almost everything that a soldier does not want and nothing that he needs. Even his martial aspect, however, does not move the Pirates from their resolve and the abductions would doubtless have been effected had not the gallant officer bethought him to appeal, in the character of an orphan, to the generosity of the gang. Now, it was a rule with these Pirates (as we learn in the first scene), never to rob an orphan. They surrender the girls to this "poor orphan boy," with a ludicrously compassionate chorus; and the *Pirate King* having observed;

"Although we live by strife,
We're very sorry to begin it;
For what, we ask, is life
Without a touch of poetry in it?"

everybody kneels, and with uplifted hands the preposterous finale, "Hail, poetry!" [illegible] solemnly begun.

Alas, *General Stanley* to[illegible] He was not an orphan. When the curta[illegible] for the Second Act he is discovered se[illegible] a ruined Gothic chapel, attached to his [illegible]eeping by moonlight over the graves of hi[illegible]. It is true that he has only recently pu[illegible] estate—chapel, tombs and all; but, [illegible] he well remarks, somebody's ancestors lie there; he does not know whose they *were;* he knows whose they *are;* and he feels that he, their descendant by purchase, has brought a stain upon [illegible]scutcheons which he has no doubt were previously unspotted. He is roused from his melancholy to give a good send-off to *Frederic,* who, now an officer in the British Army and an accepted suitor [illegible] the hand of *Mabel,* is about to lead [illegible] expedition against the Pirates. Unspeak[illegible] is the pleasure of the public when [illegible] lion-hearted forces file upon the stage and present to view a platoon of stalwart police[illegible], armed with clubs and bearing, every man, a [illegible]ted bull's eye at his belt. Their tarantara [illegible] is sure to be one of the most popular numbers in the opera. Left alone in the chapel for a few moments, *Frederic* is surprised by the entrance [illegible] the chancel window of his old *Pirate Chief* and the piratical maid-of-all-work, *Ruth,* who have an awful secret to tell him. For the indenture shows that he was bound apprentice to the Pirates till he should reach "his twenty-first birthday;" but he was born in leap year on the 29th of February; consequently, reckoning by birthdays, he is now only [illegible] and a quarter. This information is communicated in the rollicking "Paradox trio"; *Frederic* [illegible] immediately perceive the effect of the disclosure, and the drollery of it is enjoyed by the whole party in a capital piece of laughing music. But explanations follow; of course the term of his apprenticeship has a long while yet to run; and that stern sense of duty to which the young man has always been a slave compels him to dash the cup of happiness from his lips and return to the hateful trade of robbery and murder. The first service which he feels obliged to render to the band is to inform them that *General Stanley* has practised upon their credulous simplicity. "The *General* is no orphan; more than that, he never was an orphan." Enraged at this discovery, the *Chief* resolves to bring the whole band to attack the *General's* house.

Of course *Frederic* takes an affecting farewell of *Mabel,* promising to come back and claim her when his time is up in 1940, and in this scene Mr. Sullivan has given us some truly beautiful and dainty music, using the muted violins with excellent effect. This pretty andante leads, after the absurd operatic fashion, into a tripping allegro. It is the next number assigned to *Mabel* and the Policemen, which provokes the greatest delight. Here the Police, in a conversational monotone, chant responses first to the exclamations of the prima donna, then to the observations of their *Sergeant,* agreeing instantly with the sentiments of the last speaker, whatever they may chance to be, and therein copying the good old custom of operatic choruses all the world over. There follows a song in which the constables lament the necessity which obliges them to interfere with the liberty of their erring countrymen. The *Sergeant* leads, and the chorus echoes the last syllables of the lines:

When the enterprising burglar is n't burgling,
Chorus—Is n't burgling,
When the cut-throat is n't ocupied with crimes,
Chorus—'Pied with crimes,
He loves to hear the little brooks a-gurgling,
Chorus—Brooks a-gurgling,
And listen to the merry village chimes.
Chorus—Village chimes.
When the coster's finished jumping on his mother,
Chorus—On his mother,
He loves to lie a-basking in the sun,
Chorus—In the sun;
O take one consideration with another,
Chorus—With another,
The policeman's lot is not a happy one,
Chorus—Happy one!

Perhaps the climax of absurdity, however, is reached when the Police being hidden but perfectly obvious in one aisle, and the Pirates conspicuously concealed in the other, both enjoining silence at the top of their lungs, and both affecting unconsciousness of each other. *General Stanley* enters the nave, with dressing-gown and candle, thinking he has heard a noise. "He thought he heard a noise! Ha! ha!" shout both choruses, fortissimo. "No," says the *General,* listening, "there is not a sound." After which daring nonsense he wanders into a sentimental ditty about "trees," and "breezes," and "lovers sighing well-a-day," with an exquisite and picturesque accompaniment in the orchestra, and occasional help from the chorus. The absurdity of this delicious situation is heightened by the irruption of the five and twenty daughters, in jaunty caps and white peignoirs, who wonder why papa is wandering around the ruins at midnight "so very incompletely dressed." So this elaborate concerted music is carried on by groups of personages supposed to be entirely unaware of one another's presence, until the Pirates rush upon their prey. The Police are overcome without the slightest difficulty. It occurs to the *Sergeant,* however, to charge the Pirates "yield in Queen Victoria's name!" At that appalling invocation, every cutlass is sheathed, because with all their faults the Pirates love their Queen. The Police get up from the ground, take the victors into custody, and weep with emotion. There is some serious and heroic music in this scene, including an imitation of "He is an Englishman."

The denouement of the opera is now brought about by the disclosure through Ruth that the Pirates are not ordinary ruffians:

They are no members of a common throng;
They are all Noblemen who have Gone Wrong!

Whereat the Police kneel to their prisoners: "Because, with all their faults, we love our House of Peers."

"What, all noblemen?" asks the General.

"Yes, all noblemen," replies the *Chief.*

"What, all noblemen?"

"Well, nearly all." And here the whole dramatis personæ raise three cheers "for the noblemen who have gone wrong!" We must give the conclusion in the words of *General Stanley:*

"I pray you pardon me, ex-Pirate King!
Peers will be peers, and youth will have its fling,
Resume your seats and legislative duties,
And take my daughters, all of whom are beauties."

At this late hour it is impossible to do justice to the musical beauties which we have passed over in this outline of the story—to *Mabel's* fascinating waltz, for instance; neither can we do more than allude briefly to the merits of the principal performers. Miss Rosavella as *Mabel* was certainly a pretty object to look upon; she sang creditably; she acted with zeal and good sense. Miss Barnett as *Ruth,* Mr. Brocolini as the *Chief,* and Mr. Furneaux Cook as the Pirate *Lieutenant* were invaluable; and Mr. Ryley's *General Stanley* is destined to be famous. Miss Barnett, Mr. Ryley, Mr. Cook and Mr. Brocolini are to be specially commended for the clearness of their utterance. Mr. Talbot would perhaps have done better things with *Frederic* if he had taken the trouble to learn his part. He has a version of the text considerably different from Mr. Gilbert's, and such as it is, he stumbles over it in a most disquieting way. We shall suspend criticism upon his performance until he knows his lines. The smaller parts were well filled by Misses Bond and Brandram and Mr. Clifton, and the chorus deserves the heartiest praise for good singing and spirited action. The girls especially were smart and full of fun.

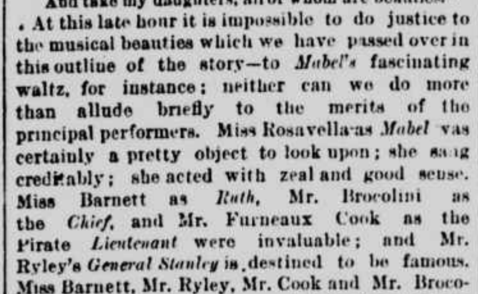
MIDNIGHT WEATHER REPORT.

GOVERNMENT INDICATIONS.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 1, 1880.

For the Middle States and New-England, falling followed by rising barometer, cooler northwest backing to warmer southwest winds, clear or partly cloudy weather.

TRIBUNE LOCAL OBSERVATIONS.



The diagram shows the barometrical variations in this city by tenths of inches. The perpendicular lines give divisions of time for the 24 hours preceding midnight. The irregular white line represents the oscillations by the mercury during those hours. The broken or dotted line represents the variations in temperature, as indicated by the thermometer at Hudnut's Pharmacy, 218 Broadway.

TRIBUNE OFFICE, Jan. 1, 1 a. m.—The barometer fell very rapidly yesterday afternoon, but remained almost stationary during the evening. Clear weather was followed early in second quarter by cloudy weather and snow; in the afternoon rain fell. The temperature ranged between 19° and 31°, the average (25¾°) being 6¼° lower than on Tuesday.

Cooler and partly cloudy or clear weather, may be expected in this city and vicinity to-day.

THE ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S APPOINTEES.

ALBANY, N. Y., Dec. 31.—General Frederick Townsend, Adjutant-General, has made the following appointments for his office:

Assistant Adjutant-General—John S. McEwan.
Acting Assistant Adjutant-General—Frederick Phisterer and John B. Stonehouse.
Chief Clerk—Edward B. Tenbroeck.
Clerks—H. P. Stackpole and Hugh B. McLean.
Messenger—Christian Schurr.
Clerks engaged in copying Muster-out Rolls—John C. Van Allan, John J. Haggerty, George D. Smith, George T. Allen, John N. Cutter and Guy E. Baker.
Keeper of the Bureau of Military Statistics—Harrison Clark.
Janitor—J. V. B. Pultman.

SO MUCH TO HIS CREDIT.—Uncle (bringing his young nephew home for the holidays)—"Glad to see you home again, Dick. Hope you have spent less this half." Dick—"Oh yes, Uncle. I've gone 'tick' for everything!"—[Punch.

THE CUMBERLAND PLATEAU.

A FINE REGION OPEN TO SETTLERS.

A JOURNEY ON HORSEBACK THROUGH A PICTURESQUE WILDERNESS—THE FUTURE ORCHARD AND VINEYARD OF THE SOUTH—HOW POTATOES AND CHILDREN THRIVE—HOME OF A "WELL-TO-DO" MOUNTAINEER—A BACKWOODS FEAST—ONE OF THE NATIVE LAW-MAKERS.

[FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

LOUDON, Tenn., Dec. 20.—The Cincinnati Southern Railway, after emerging from the gorge of Emory River, runs close to the base of a steep, high mountain ridge nearly all the way to Chattanooga. This is Walden's Ridge and it is rich in iron and coal. Beyond its crest begins the great Cumberland Plateau, which extends diagonally across the State and has an average width of about twenty miles. The surface of the plateau is broken by cañons and deep valleys worn by the streams which flow into the Tennessee River on one side and the Elk on the other. Much of the land is level or slightly rolling, and lies in very nice shape for cultivation. The timber consists mainly of a sparse growth of white oaks, with some hickory and chestnut, and a little black walnut. There is so little underbrush and the tree-trunks stand so far apart that the country has a park-like appearance, which is heightened in Summer by an abundant growth of wild grass. The whole region is practically a wilderness. Here and there, often at intervals of many miles, is found the cabin and corn patch of a mountaineer, but nowhere is seen a continuous stretch of cleared ground. The fact that this great body of wild land is now brought within twelve hours of Cincinnati, and that large tracts admirably adapted to fruit-growing and to raising cattle and sheep are in the market at prices ranging from $1 to $2 an acre, makes the plateau, as I have said in former letters, an interesting field for observation with a view to Northern settlement. Desiring to see both the eastern and western sides, I determined to make Rockwood a point of departure for one excursion and then go around by Chattanooga to Tracy City to see the western slope.

Making one of a party of three horsemen led by a tall Tennessee colonel, whose rosy face and white beard gleamed like an oriflamme in front of the cavalcade, I left Rockwood Monday morning. We first rode two hours down the valley and then turned up the cañon of White's Creek to climb up to the plateau. The creek is in reality a very beautiful and very angry little river, so deep and swift that the drivers of a drove of Kentucky mules going to Georgia, met at the entrance to the gorge, only persuaded their stubborn charges to swim the stream by a lavish expenditure of oaths and blows. The water is of a beautiful light blue color where the rocks cease dashing it into foam. The cliffs rise to an immense height on both sides, and in some places their summits are broken with picturesque forms resembling ruined fortresses and castles. Nowhere east of the Rocky Mountains have I seen so grand a cañon. If the reader wants a foreign comparison, I would liken it to the Gorge of Gondo, through which the Simplon road comes down from the Alps to the plains of Lombardy. Our road did not resemble the Simplon in the least, though. Sometimes it ran over bare, broken rocks, and sometimes followed the bed of a mountain brook. It was bad enough for a horse and rider, and how wagons could traverse it I could hardly understand; but that they could we had ocular evidence in a team hauling a load of goods to some country store on the plateau.

About noon, when almost up to the top of the "Table," we found the road barred by a gate. Near by was the house of a mountaineer, who had cleared a few acres of land and thrown a gate across the way to extort toll from travellers, like a robber baron in the Middle Ages. His charge was 50 cents for wagons and 10 for horsemen, and the excuse for it was a claim that he kept ten miles of the road in order. As we were not likely to reach another house for two or three hours, we dismounted and asked for dinner. You can always get a meal at the house of a mountaineer. The women will cook whatever they have in the house, and charge 25 cents whether the repast is meagre or luxurious. If you stay over night there is no charge for lodging. Our entertainer passed for a man of means in the vicinity. Besides his farm and his road he owned a small mill. His log house showed no signs of wealth, however, save in its size. Four panes in the one window in the sitting-room were broken, and the only furniture besides a bed was an unpainted table, four splint-bottomed chairs and an old hair trunk. In the big fire-place of the adjoining room his wife soon cooked an excellent dinner of stewed venison, fried chunks of mast-fed pork, potatoes, hoe-cake and coffee. A glass of sweet milk finished the meal.

The road, after reaching the summit, led through oak openings, and occasionally dipped down into the ravine of a stream or ran around a promontory that commanded a wide view of billowy, forest-clothed country. Toward night we came out of the woods and down from the heights into Grassy Cove—a little gem of a valley, depressed about 400 feet below the level of the plateau. It is five miles long from one to three wide, and is inhabited by about seventy families. The streams of the Cove join to form a large creek, which runs against the sheer face of the mountain, and there disappears in a cave, to emerge seven miles distant and make the headwaters of the Sequatchie River. We were in search of the house of a Northern man, named Stratton, who came to the Cove ten years ago from Salamanca, N. Y. About dusk, while riding in advance of the party, I descried a white house and a capacious barn, and knew at once we had reached our destination. The natives do not paint their houses outside or in, and they seldom build anything that would be called in the North a barn. The Northern cookery of our kind hostess tasted delicious after a week's experience of Southern fare. Mr. Stratton produced the last number of THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE, and spoke of a visit the late N. C. Meeker had made him shortly after the war, while travelling in the South as a correspondent of the paper. The plateau lands, he said, were rather thin for corn, and as the natives cared for no other crop, they had been neglected. They responded to manure remarkably well, and produced fair crops of oats and rye, and a moderate yield of wheat. Potatoes gave an abundant yield. Grapes, apples and, in fact, all sorts of fruit, flourished. He believed that in the future the plateau would be the orchard and vineyard of the [illegible]. [illegible] to the climate, it was beyond all question the best in the United States. The Summer temperature was rarely above 80°, and the thermometer in Winter seldom went below 20°. The healthfulness of the Cumberland table-land was proverbial all through the South. The house of our host did not afford sleeping accommodations for the party, so we were billeted upon a neighbor. My room was on the ground floor, and the door opened out upon a porch. It had no lock or bolt or knob, or even the wooden latch that is common in the country, but was pulled to by a bit of leather nailed upon it. No better proof could be given of the honesty of these mountain people than the fact that they never lock their doors, and really have no provision for locking them.

We were in the saddle early next morning, and leaving the valley ascended to the top of the "Table" and rode for miles through a beautiful tract of forest, covered with dry wild grass and timbered with white oak. It seemed strange that so much good land should remain wild in the heart of a State older than Ohio. The soil is worth cultivating, if not of the best quality. Far worse lands in the North with manuring yield a good profit to the farmer, and that, too, in a rigorous climate. Beautiful streams of clear water traverse the plateau, and their sloping banks would make excellent spots for vineyards and orchards.

Our noonday halt was at a log house by the roadside—the home of one of the county officials. He owned three or four farms, I was told, and yet his house was without windows, the wind came in through a hundred cracks, there was no cookstove, and not a newspaper was to be seen, or a book save a few law-books and public documents. I went into the kitchen, which was also bed-room and dining-room, to see how dinner was prepared without a stove. A dough of corn meal and water was moulded into two large cakes and placed in an iron skillet which stood on the coals in the huge fireplace. An iron cover was placed on the skillet and coals heaped on top of it. This was the oven. In a big frying-pan chunks of fresh pork simmered, and when they were done a dozen eggs were broken into the fat, and emptied, fat and all, into a dish. The coffee-pot sputtered in one corner of the fireplace. No sugar was served with the coffee, and there were no teaspoons on the table. None were needed, however, as there was no occasion for stirring the coffee in the cups. [illegible] the seven girls who [illegible] and that she had three sons. Ten children, therefore, were growing up in good health to all appearances, in spite of the coarse, greasy food and the draughts of the rheumatic old house. "It is all owing to the mountain air," said our guide, the tall colonel, as we rode away. "People have large families, and raise 'em, too; children never die, and nothing but old age finishes the grown folks, unless they get killed by accident." The number of children these mountaineers bring into the world is really surprising. Every cabin swarms with dirty, ragged urchins. I asked a man the other day what the soil on the mountain was good for. "'Taint of much account for corn," he said, "but it's powerful for Irish potatoes and children." He should have mentioned apples, too. I never saw such mighty apple trees as grow on some of the old clearings upon the plateau. They are of enormous girth and height, and if they received any attention from their shiftless owners would produce great quantities of fine fruit. As it is, they go on bearing year after year, and in some places have survived the log hut they once shaded, and stand amid the scrub oaks and young pines as reminders of some settler who has gone to Texas or was driven out by the guerrillas in war-time and never came back.

Below Rockwood, in the neighborhood of Rhea Springs, a number of Northern families have settled on the brow of Walden's Ridge, and are raising grapes, apples and other fruits. I shall not have time to visit them as I should like to do, but I am told they are doing well. They bought small lots of twenty or thirty acres each, paying $4 per acre. The opening of the railroad to Cincinnati, which passes within sight of their mountain perch, will increase their prosperity by giving them a Northern market for their early fruits. I believe that any one who goes into fruit culture on the cheap lands near this railroad, and has means and patience enough to wait upon the growth of his vines and trees, will secure a remunerative business and an easy life in a charming and healthful climate, in the midst of fine scenery—everything required for a happy country life, in short, except society. That must be gained gradually by the influx of Northern settlers. The Northern farmer will find no congenial associates among the lazy, shiftless, ignorant natives who people these mountains. Their ways of living will amuse him at first and then disgust him; and the natives will take a dislike to him because of his thrift and the comforts and decencies of life with which he surrounds himself.

My journey to-day was from Rockwood, up the Tennessee Valley, to Loudon. A railway, used chiefly for transporting pig iron, runs from the furnaces at Rockwood to a landing on the river. It is a passenger and mail route, but no sort of a car is run for the comfort of travellers. They are obliged to stand on the coal in the tender during the trip of five miles. At the river I embarked on an old, wheezy, ramshackle steamboat—the dirtiest craft I ever saw in all my travelling on Southern waters. The rotten floor of the cabin deck could easily have been broken by a vigorous stamp of the foot, and the crazy structure of the upper works threatened to fall to pieces at every jar of the machinery. The full, muddy current of the river ran by an unbroken stretch of corn-fields, dotted at long intervals by a log cabin. In all the seven hours' journey, save in the town of Kingston, I did not see a dozen houses that were not primitive log huts; and yet the Tennessee Valley was settled before that of the Ohio. The men who possess the fertile farms live just as their grandfathers did—content with their log cabins and their rude fare of hog and hoe-cake. The river was alive with rafts of white-wood logs on their way from the mountains up the Clinch and Powell Rivers to a market in Chattanooga. The raftsmen shouted and danced as the steamboat passed.

Among our passengers was a slouchy young man, wearing a dirty, collarless shirt, a ragged overcoat and an old, greasy felt hat. His clothing, face and unkempt hair marked him as one of the poor mountain whites, but I learned in talking with him that he was a member of the Legislature on his way to attend the session at Nashville. He proved to be more intelligent than his looks indicated, and my opinion of him improved a hundred per cent when he said he was in favor of paying the State debt, and was confident the people would not consent to repudiation after the question had been agitated a year longer.

E. V. S.

THE ARIZONA INDIAN SCANDAL.

GENERAL FISK'S REPLY TO INSPECTOR HAMMOND—POINTED COMMENTS ON THE INSPECTOR'S ADMISSIONS.

A Washington dispatch published in THE TRIBUNE yesterday morning, contained a denial by Indian Inspector Hammond of statements recently made in regard to the Indian scandal in Arizona. General Fisk gave to a TRIBUNE reporter yesterday his answer to some of the averments of Inspector Hammond.

"It seemed strange," he said, "that Commissioner Hayt's response to the Arizona charges was chiefly a defence of Inspector Hammond; and now comes the latter with a defence of Commissioner Hayt. Inspector Hammond does not even thank Commissioner Hayt for defending him; but on the contrary says that If the matter comes before the Board of Indian Commissioners, as General Fisk suggested that it would,' he will admit every word of the 'story,' so far as it relates to him, to be true, and that 'there is nothing crooked in it.' It appears then, that as between my charges and Inspector Hammond's admissions, there is not the slightest variation. The only question is as to whether Inspector Hammond's methods of administration of Indian affairs at the San Carlos Indian Reservation in Arizona were crooked or straight. My 'story' about Inspector Hammond, which he admits to be true, was this:

"Inspector Hammond was sent to Arizona to inspect the San Carlos Agency, and specially to inquire into serious charges that had been made against Henry L. Hart, the agent. Upon arriving in Arizona, he proceeded to take sundry affidavits, showing that Agent Hart had sold the agency supplies and pocketed the proceeds, and that he had, with agency supplies, carried on his own private mining operations. Inspector Hammond stated that the evidence against Agent Hart and his clerk was sufficient to consign them to the penitentiary. About the time lightning was to strike and annihilate Agent Hart Inspector Hammond ceased the investigation and turned his attention to certain mines near the San Carlos Reservation. The exact boundaries of the reservation became a matter of discussion. Miners were advised by the Inspector that their mines were on the Indian lands, and they had better sell at any price they could obtain. Agent Hart owned one of these mines. Inspector Hammond abandoned all investigation of alleged frauds on the part of Agent Hart, and proceeded direct to Washington with authority to sell Agent Hart's mine. Inspector Hammond returned to Arizona, not to investigate and prosecute Agent Hart, but to purchase from Agent Hart the said mine for Mr. Charles D. Deshler, the confidential man of Commissioner Hayt. Mr. Edward Knapp, of Commissioner Hayt's family, went to Arizona to make payment for the mine with checks on Mr. Hogencamp, a business associate of Commissioner Hayt. Inspector Hammond gave to Agent Hart a letter stating that there was no truth in the charges that had been made against him. Agent Hart read the letter to Major Chaffe, who succeeded to the management of the San Carlos Agency. Inspector Hammond professed to have authority from the Indian Bureau to so run the lines of the reservation as to include the mines or leave them off.

"Inspector Hammond admits," said General Fisk, in continuation, "that my story is true, so far as it relates to his connection with it, and says there is nothing crooked in it. My associates in the Board of Indian Commissioners and myself are not in harmony with Inspector Hammond's views that 'there is nothing crooked in it,' and will be prepared with the documents to discuss the mining interests of Messrs. Hayt, Hammond and Hart at our approaching meeting. It will be observed that Commissioner Hayt, in his statement of December 22, which appeared in THE TRIBUNE of the 24th, said: 'I sent Inspector Hammond to investigate that (San Carlos) agency. He found evidence of serious irregularities and malpractice.' Inspector Hammond subsequently gave to Agent Hart a verdict of not guilty, and Inspector Hammond's conduct is defended by Commissioner Hayt."

THE RECEPTION OF MR. PARNELL.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR MEETING HIM ON THE STEAMER—THE SUNDAY MEETING.

A large number of gentlemen visited the headquarters of the Parnell Reception Committee in the Astor House yesterday, and expressed great disappointment that no news had yet been received of the vessel by which Mr. Parnell would arrive. At a meeting of the Executive Committee in the evening it was decided to keep up a watch during the night, but if the vessel came in after sunset yesterday and before sunrise this morning, the committee should go down to the steamer at as early an hour to-day as possible. The members of the Reception Committee will go on the revenue cutter and the general committee and friends on the steamer Laura Starin. The arrangements for the meeting on Sunday evening, at Madison Square Garden, are now completed. Several small subscriptions were received during the day, and the committee has no doubt now of being able to raise ample funds to pay the whole expenses of the reception, so as to leave the net receipts of the Sunday evening meeting to be devoted to the distress in Ireland.

THE YEAR AT THE MORGUE.

Keeper A. M. White of the Morgue reports that during the year 109 bodies were taken to the Morgue from the streets and from the rivers. Of this number sixty-four remained unrecognized; 4,014 bodies were taken to the dead-house during the same time.

GENERAL NOYES [illegible] EAST.

ADVENTURES AND OBSERVATIONS.

MISS STEVENS, COUSIN OF THE AMERICAN MINISTER TO FRANCE, AND A MAID-SERVANT RESCUED WITH DIFFICULTY FROM THE DEAD SEA—AN AFFRAY AMONG SALT SMUGGLERS AND BEDOUINS—GENERAL NOYES'S OPINION OF TURKISH REFORMS.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

JAFFA, Dec. 3.—General Noyes and party arrived this morning from Jerusalem, and go on to Cairo to-morrow. Rumors of the narrow escape from death of some of the party had reached us, and I went promptly to make inquiries. The General said: "The ladies are resting from their fatigue, and Mrs. Noyes especially is worn out from the excitement and care consequent upon the dangerous illness of the maid, which was caused by her swallowing a great quantity of the acrid water of the Dead Sea."

"How did it happen, General?"

"Why, we had, on the whole, a very pleasant journey; the weather was magnificent; and on reaching the Dead Sea Miss Stevens, my cousin, and the maid took a bath in it. My son had been in, and found how buoyant the water was, that he could not sink, and no danger was anticipated. The maid went in some distance, and, somehow or other, lost her footing and fell, and her head went under and her feet went up. She struggled desperately and was terribly frightened, swallowing quantities of water. Miss Stevens bravely went to her assistance. She succeeded in turning her over, and seized her by the shoulder, for you cannot sink in the dense water, but was clutched by the maid and pulled over. She then screamed for help, and our dragoman and a muleteer at once went to their assistance and brought them out. Miss Stevens was not alarmed and swallowed no water, but the poor maid did, and the result has been that both her lungs are inflamed and she is dangerously ill. We were detained in Jerusalem on her account. However, we shall take her with us to Cairo, which the doctor says is the best place for her. Fortunately we had a sedan-chair with us, in which we carried her to Jerusalem.

"This incident apart, our journey was a continued source of delight to me. My son, a youth of fourteen, who has never been accustomed to riding, enjoyed the novelty exceedingly. His horse was a fine animal, and he soon got to understand his management, and ran races with the Arabs; in fact, had a good time.

"On starting from Jerusalem we had with us the three principal Sheikhs of the Jordan district and an escort, who exerted themselves to please us. They ran their horses, hurled spears, fired guns; and never in my life had I seen anything to equal their agility in managing their steeds. Down at Jericho, Bedouins, men and women, came and exhibited their sword-dances, and gave war-cries; in fact, we were intensely amused and delighted. On returning from the Dead Sea, we fell in with a long string of twenty or more mules laden with salt. When questioned by our escort, the drivers said they had barley, but on examination it proved to be salt they were smuggling. Our Sheikhs, finding few men in charge of it, drove the animals before us, intending to seize it. Upon this, one of the salt smugglers ran to a neighboring hill and shouted; in a few minutes about a hundred men were seen running up from places of concealment, and finding our party too strong to attack, ran on before us to the brow of a hill which overhung the road, and began to hurl stones down at our escort, and the younger Sheikh was struck three times, and by dint of shouting and stone-throwing they managed at last to get the mules away. The sight of the fray revived old times, and I was for firing upon them, but our dragoman wouldn't allow it; the responsibility was too much for him. Down at the fords of the Jordan I saw a great number of fine camels, some of them huge fellows never yet accustomed to burdens. They were the largest I had ever seen, and looked more like elephants than camels."

"What is your opinion, General, of the talk of Turkish reforms; you have been now several weeks in the country, and must have attained some knowledge of the state of affairs?"

"I haven't a particle of faith in 'reforms'; under the present Government they are an impossibility, and I spoke very frankly to all Pachas and officials whom I met, telling them that it was hopeless to expect the country to flourish under a system of bribes and robbery, and that the only way to advance was to put an end to it at once and encourage agriculture and commerce. As matters now are, they could not expect the people to seek improvements when they can't be sure of anything they make or own, and at any time may lose their hard-earned money by exactions, and also be robbed with impunity by thieves and vagabonds who thrive under the administration. In every instance the Pachas admitted the truth of my observations, and said they were willing to do their best, but they had bad subordinates—'they themselves were honest, others bad,' etc. The only remedy, in my candid opinion, is to take the management of the country entirely out of their hands and place it under other rulers, who will see that justice is carried out; else all talk of reforms is a sheer absurdity."

General Noyes has recently come from Constantinople, has visited Damascus and Beirut and Jerusalem—has seen, in fact, what Sir Henry Layard has seen—and the foregoing is his deliberate judgment.

MR. BEECHER AND THE BIBLE SOCIETY.

Mr. Beecher, in The Christian Union of Dec. 31.

From the boughs of *The Christian Intelligencer* we pluck this sweet fruit of the spirit:

"The pews in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, are soon to be let, and therefore Mr. Beecher last Friday evening indulged in a perfectly senseless attack upon the American Bible Society and secured a large amount of advertising for nothing."

At the annual business meeting of Plymouth Church a motion was made that the list of monthly collections be revised. * * * In regard to the Bible Society, the pastor stated that he had the less regret in consequence of the action of the Board of Managers, who had made a careful revision of the English text, eliminating thousands of small errors which had gradually crept into the editions, and had published it for seven years as their standard edition; but about the year 1858, under intimidation, had gone back to the unpurged text, and made it, with all its errors, their standard edition. * * *

As early as 1847 Dr. Brigham, secretary of the American Bible Society, proposed to the Board of Managers a revision of the English text of the standard Bible issued by the society. * * * The revision was completed in 1850; it was adopted by the Board of Managers and printed in three forms, and for seven years it was issued and distributed by the American Bible Society as its standard edition.

About this time the American (Baptist) Bible Union was formed for the purpose of securing a new translation of the whole Bible. This gave rise to much and excited discussion not only among Baptist churches but among the friends of the American Bible Society. * * * So vehement was the assault made upon the Board for having published a revised and corrected edition that the Board were intimidated, overborne, and, after hot discussion, it was finally resolved (1857) to abandon the revised Bible and go back to the notoriously corrupted text formerly used! The whole Committee on Versions, with the exception of Dr. Spring, resigned in disgust. * * *

All these typographical errors, spelling, punctuation, evil grammar, head-lines, omissions, in so far as they existed in the American standard edition, were deliberately readopted, and sent forth again to the people. What if they do not change the essential sense? Shall the King's son be sent abroad out at the elbows, with patches on the knees, and with tatters all over, on the plea that his clothes do not affect his bodily health? * * *

King James's translators, in the contents at the head of chapters and running page titles, imported the New Testament into the Old. In none of the Messianic Psalms or [illegible] is Christ or the Church mentioned by name; [illegible] and Zion. The revised edition restored the [illegible] Messiah for Christ and Zion for the Church. But in the unpurged edition upon which the Society has fallen the old method is again adopted.

In Ruth iii., 15, what right has the Bible Society, contrary to the original Hebrew and to King James's version of 1611, to make the Bible say that Ruth went into the city, when in fact it was Boaz! * * *

In 1 John, ii., 23, there is a still more flagrant case. At the time when our version was made the second clause of the verse was regarded as doubtful, and was printed in italics. Afterward new and earlier manuscripts were found, and disclosed the fact that the words were genuine and as authentic as any part of Scripture. Accordingly the Committee of Revision restored the second clause, taking it out of italics, and putting it into Roman type. * * *

But marvellous is the statement of *The Intelligencer* that "the churches represented in the Society concluded that the time had not come to make alterations in the text," etc. This matter was never brought before the churches. It was never debated by them. If there is any recorded action of the churches, where is it? No. It was the fear that churches of the Old School Presbyterian party might be alienated that took the Society back into Egypt. There was no occasion for *The Intelligencer* to close its disingenuous article by its fling at the men who made the Bible Society's Revision. There were no riper scholars then living than the men stigmatized as periling the integrity of the Bible by their "whims." The men who demanded, who made, accepted, published and circulated for seven years the revised Bible were the whole Board of Managers of the Bible Society and the Committee of Revision, viz., Professor Turner, Dr. Edward Robinson, Dr. Vermilye, Rev. Dr. Richard S. Storrs, the Sub-Committee and Collator, Rev. Lot Jones, Rev. Dr. McLeod, and Rev. Dr. McLane. And these, forsooth, are men "who have no standing whatsoever as scholars!"

We now turn to lighter matters; to the genial and sportive Dr. Ethelbert Porter. We shall suppress our blushes at the compliments, and regard them as a mere means of softening the skin where the lancet is to cut. "That no man in America ever suspected him (Mr. Beecher) of being a technical scholar, or qualified to pronounce in any matter involving exact learning," expresses Mr. Beecher's own view of the matter and draws him into closer fellowship with Dr. Porter, as one in the same condition. Let us shake hands! Let us be thankful that there are men who build for us, who work for us, who market, and cook and serve up for us, and that we are relieved from the drudgery of mechanical work, and are left to enjoy the fulfilment of the promises made to good Israelites: "Houses [illegible] bundry!

Out of [illegible] "that in his usual way Mr. Beecher [illegible] his mind in a week, and very soon [illegible] this point, as he has often done on [illegible] will be a considerable changing of [illegible] no question, but whether it will be [illegible] Porter who will change hardly admits of [illegible] Mr. Beecher probably belongs to those [illegible] growth cannot [illegible] have set early and never change. [illegible] the guardianship of [illegible] changed her mind, and [illegible] plar of all who sit down in [illegible] grow. Dr. Porter will recollect that if [illegible] ing got out of a corrupt version, she [illegible] and looked back, that she has [illegible] guardian of all who from a good thing [illegible] corrupt one.

EX-CASHIER LEARNED ARRESTED.

NORWICH, Conn., Dec. 31.—E. H. Learned, late cashier of the Uncas National Bank, was arrested here to-day, charged with embezzling $[illegible]. He was taken before Colonel Tenny, United States Commissioner, and waiving examination, was held for his appearance on February 16, in bonds of $15,000, which he obtained. The arrest was made under orders from Washington, and was not pressed by the bank's officers. Mr. Learned is confident that he can straighten up all the doubtful accounts if he is given time.

TWO BOYS TO BE HANGED.

MASSILLON, Ohio, Dec. 31.—Judge Meyer has sentenced Gustave Ohr and George Mann to be hanged May 7. They are boys seventeen years old, and were convicted of the murder of John [illegible], of Philadelphia, in August last, near Alliance, Ohio.

LITTLE PITTSBURG'S NEW DISCOVERY.

Business men who have invested so largely in Leadville mining properties are constantly in receipt of encouraging news. The Little Pittsburg, in addition to making its stockholders a Christmas present of the regular monthly dividend (No. 8) of $100,000, also received a telegram from the superintendent at the mine, dated December 19, saying: "In No. 1 West New Discovery have struck a body of high grade ore below the old level; there is twelve feet of it exposed, and not to the bottom yet. It promises to extend through the whole mine lying west of discovery shaft. I look upon it as the most important find for many months."

And yesterday came the following telegram as a New-Year's greeting:

LEADVILLE, Col., Dec. 30, 1879.

Hon. J. B. CHAFFEE, President L. P. C. M. Company, New-York:

Shipped 154 tons to-day. The ore body struck in No. 1, West New Discovery (see my telegram of 19th), still holds good in quantity and quality. Shaft No. 5, New Discovery, 170 feet deep; [illegible] coming in, indications very good. No. 6 Little Pittsburg 205 feet deep in solid iron; expect to strike ore body within twenty feet. Collected $25,000 yesterday and to-day.

(Signed) H. B. BEARCE, Superintendent.

In explanation of the above dispatch it may be said that "No. 6 Little Pittsburg" means that the find is on the track of and very near the wonderful ore body discovered in the "Little Chief," an adjoining mine, which is from 60 to 100 feet thick.

LIFE INSURANCE REPORT.

The United States Life Insurance Company, in its thirtieth annual report, printed elsewhere, presents the summary of its business for the year promptly on time. It claims to be the only local company that has succeeded in doing so annually. Among the noticeable features to be considered in connection with this company's business is the new and very liberal form of policy it issues. All the usual restrictions and conditions as to occupation, residence and cause of death are removed after the policy has been in force three years. Another new condition secures to the insured, whose premiums have been paid for three years, continued insurance for the full amount of the policy for as long a time as the entire reserve will carry it.

During thirty years of business experience the company has annually added to its assets and surplus. The statement for the year just ended shows a large increase in both items. In referring to this company's long and successful business career, it is worthy of remark that none of the companies organized in this State before the civil war, of which the United States Life is one, have retired from business, and that all of the companies which have failed or reinsured were organized during or since the war, when the currency was inflated and values were unsettled. The company numbers among its directors some of our best financiers, and in presenting its report so promptly gives evidence of able executive management.

INOPPORTUNE.—Newsboy (to irritable old gentleman who has just lost his train)—"Buy a comic paper, sir?"—[Punch.

DIED.

CHAMBERLAIN—Suddenly, in Brooklyn, at his late residence, 168 Lafayette-ave., December 29, Lee Chamberlain, in the 63d year of his age.
Funeral services were held at the Rev. Dr. Clark's Church, Albany, on Wednesday, December 31.

COUDERT—At his residence, South Orange, N. J., on December 31, 1879, Charles Coudert, in the 85th year of his age.
Funeral services at Seton Hall Chapel, on Friday, January 2, at 10:30 o'clock.
Trains leave Barclay and Christopher-st. ferries for South Orange at 9:10 o'clock.
Carriages will be in waiting.

GRISWOLD—At the residence of Lester A. Roberts, 368 Washington-ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., December 28, 1879, Philecta Cooke, widow of the late Judge Ezra Griswold, of Delaware, Ohio, aged 86 years.

HARTT—On Tuesday, December 30, Elizabeth V., beloved wife of Albert Hartt, aged 43 years and 4 months.
St. John, N. B., papers please copy.

HEDGES—At the Presbyterian Parsonage, Kingston, N. J., on Monday morning, December 29, William Woodhull, son of the late William J. Hedges, of Somerville, N. J.
Funeral services at the Parsonage on Thursday, January 1, at 7 o'clock a. m.
Interment at Frenchtown, N. J.

JOHNSTON—In this city, December 28, of bronchial pneumonia, Thomas Pinckney, eldest son of Henry P. and Elizabeth K. Johnston, aged 8 years 9 months and 10 days.
Interment at Woodlawn.

LEAVITT—In this city, on Tuesday morning, the 30th inst., David Leavitt, in the 89th year of his age.
Notice of funeral hereafter.

SACKETT—At Cranford, N. J., December 30, 1879, the Rev. H. A. Sackett, aged 74 years.
Funeral from Presbyterian Church, Cranford, on Friday, the 2d inst., at 12 m.

STUYVESANT—In this city, on December 31, Mary, wife of Rutherford Stuyvesant, and daughter of H. E. Pierrepont, of Brooklyn.
Funeral from St. Mark's Church, 2d-ave. and Stuyvesant-st., on Saturday, at 10 a. m.
Relations and friends are invited to attend without further notice. It is requested that no flowers be sent.

Special Notices.

Post Office Notice.—The foreign mails for the week ending SATURDAY, January 3, 1879, will close at this office on TUESDAY, at 3 a. m., for Europe, by steamship Germanic, via Queenstown; on WEDNESDAY, at 4:30 a. m., for Europe, by steamship Algeria, via Queenstown; on THURSDAY, at 5 a. m., for Europe, by steamship City of Richmond, via Queenstown (correspondence for Germany and France must be specially addressed); and at 9 a. m., for Europe, by steamship Herder, via Plymouth, Cherbourg and Hamburg; on SATURDAY, at 6 a. m., for Europe, by steamship Republic, via Queenstown (correspondence for Germany and Scotland must be specially addressed); and at 6 a. m., for Scotland direct, by steamship Circassia, via Glasgow; and at 11 a. m., for Europe, by steamship Main, via Southampton and Bremen. The mails for Denmark, Sweden and Norway are dispatched by Hamburg and Bremen steamers only. The mails for Hayti and Colombia leave New-York December 30. The mails for Aspinwall and South Pacific Ports leave New-York December 30. The mails for Newfoundland leave New-York January 2. The mails for Havana leave New-York December 31 and January 3. The mails for St. Lucia, Dominica, Martinique, Barbadoes and Trinidad direct leave New-York December 31. The mails for Bermuda leave New-York January 1. The mails for Mexico, via New-Orleans, leave New-York January 1. The mails for China and Japan leave San Francisco January 17. The mails for Australia, &c., leave San Francisco January 19.
THOS. L. JAMES, Postmaster.
Post Office, New-York, Dec. 27, 1879.